

SARDOU'S MUDDLEDrama; OR, DANTE OF OLD DRURY.

WHATEVER Sir HENRY IRVING does, he does well and thoroughly, and whatever Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS takes in hand at Drury Lane may be depended upon as being done most effectively; witness *Ben Hur*, the last scene in which probably suggested the excellent stage management of Scene VII., *The Valley of Asphodels*, in this play of *Dante*. Sir HENRY does most loyally his very best for two French authors, SARDOU and MOREAU (whose work has been well translated by one Englishman, Mr. LAURENCE IRVING), who, most decidedly, have not succeeded, however much they may have tried, in doing their very best for Sir HENRY.

Let it be at once said that with the production of the piece, in respect to stage effect, it would be indeed difficult to find the slightest fault; but that Sir HENRY was at any time satisfied with this piece, as a fine play offering great dramatic opportunities, may be legitimate matter for doubt. The Prologue promises and performs well; so does the first scene in the First Act. But after this, goodbye to real drama until the Fourth Act, and during its absence, and in the absence of anything resembling a connected, well-developed plot, we must be contented with wonderfully effective spectacle. "Down, down to Hell, and say I sent thee thither," say SARDOU and MOREAU; and here, where the spectacle is at its strongest, as it was with *Ulysses* in Hades at His Majesty's, the dramatic action is at its weakest.

The Fourth Act offers a great chance to a clever actor like Mr. WILLIAM MOLLISON, who, as *Cardinal Colonna*, makes the most of it. But where is *Dante* in this? Simply an impressive figure, as would be Death, or Fate, appearing to the doomed sinner in a "Morality" like *Everyman*; but, dramatically, the doomed and dying sinner has a long way the best of it. This, *Moreau-ver*, is but an approach to SHAKESPEARE's thrilling scene of the death of *Cardinal Beaufort*, à la mode de SARDOU. But for Sir HENRY IRVING's art, the part of *Dante* in this scene, would go for absolutely nothing. The only relief to the sombre character of the piece is to be found in the comic Convent episode, where the unconventional nuns quarrel like the fish-fags in *Madame Angot*. This causes the audience some merriment, but it is unworthy of SARDOU, who seems to have relied upon imaginary revelations of conventual life as supplied by certain disreputable works of fiction long since exposed and condemned.

The unexampled popularity of Sir HENRY IRVING carries the piece, which was on the first night received with the greatest enthusiasm, and his brief address at the finish was welcomed, as he himself had been on his entrance, with the very heartiest applause. Drury Lane was a wonderful sight on Thursday night, and there was but one feeling evidenced in that vast and thoroughly representative audience, and that was expressive of the sincere desire that the "biggest success" might attend this new venture of the greatest and most popular actor of our time.

Of the other players, where there was so little for each one to do, it is difficult to say more than that every one of them did "their level best;" that Miss LENA ASHWELL, doubling the parts of *Pia* the mother, and *Gemma* the daughter, was powerful and sympathetic, though honestly, through no fault of hers, to distinguish one from t'other, both being the same person, was no easy task; that Miss LAURA BURT as *Helen of Swabia* acted a difficult scene with great dramatic force; that Miss NORA LANCASTER, as *The Spirit of Beatrice*, delivered her speech with excellent effect; and that Miss LILIAN ELDEE touched the audience as *Francesca*. The Florentine ladies were charming, one and all, and Miss WALLIS awoke the compassion of the audience by having to play so odious a part as that of an Abbess according to the fantastic imagination of the authors.

**SHAKESPEARE ILLUSTRATED.**

"THE GLASS OF FASHION AND THE MOULD OF FORM."—*Hamlet*, iii. 1.

Mr. GERALD LAWRENCE was a handsome and manly *Bernardino*; and Mr. LUGG was a truculent ecclesiastic as *Archbishop of Pisa*. Had Mr. WILLIAM FARREN, Junior, enjoyed the pre-historic disadvantage of having witnessed the performance of one Mr. FENTON, of the Strand Theatre, as the *Grand Inquisitor* in a burlesque of *L'Africaine*, he might have got more humour into the character, and more fun out of it, than at present he has succeeded in doing. Messrs. SARDOU and MOREAU should enliven the part with a song and dance.

The piece, as played on the first night, went without a single hitch; the incidental music by M. XAVIER LEROUX, though, as Mr. Toots might have said, "of no consequence," yet served its purpose, and was well rendered.

The little book that accompanies the programme, containing some "explanatory notes by an Italian Student," is very well done, and carefully indicates to the reader where the dramatists are in accord with historical fact and where they are relying on their own not very striking powers of invention.

To sum up, though *Dante* as a play is not to be mentioned in the same breath with *Faust*, and though as a part for Sir HENRY DANTÉ is not within measurable distance of *Becket*, yet that it will draw all London to the Lane is a certainty, due only remotely to the French authors, then to the admirable support given by Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS and his assistants, but, above all, to the absolutely unique popularity of Sir HENRY IRVING.

LOVE'S LABOUR NOT LOST.

[The writer of the following lines, while giving further publicity to a painful rumour regarding the business-like measures adopted by modern women as a protection against breaches of promise, is loth to attach unquestioning credence to these allegations. He will be happy to receive a few confidences on the subject from persons qualified to speak.]

TIME WAS, before the Age of Tin,
Ere Woman took to Bridge or Euchre,
When it was deemed a deadly sin
To sully Love with thoughts of Lucre;
When cheeks retained the bluish hue
Which one associates with peaches,
And Eros, open as the blue,
Had never heard of legal breaches.

The god, as now, was gravel-blind,
And moved in most uneven courses;
Men changed the thing they called their
mind,

They loved and rode away on horses;
But in those times, which I will term
The Lion-browsing-with-the-Lamb
Age,

Our women scorned to play the worm
That turns and makes a claim for
damage.

When men like Theseus, growing tired,
Deftly marooned their tearful ladies,
These wed elsewhere or just expired,
Looking for better luck in Hades;
When Paris went (the heartless brute),
And scuttled like a common coney,
We do not hear of any suit
Brought by the derelict Cénone.

Not yet the compromising pen
Confirmed advances, lightly spoken,
Which could not rise against you when
Your faith was subsequently broken;
The living voice conveyed your sense,
And, if it came to strained relations,
There was no written evidence
To prove your amorous protestations.

Or if the maiden's heart was hot
To have her lover's pledge recorded

In less elusive ways than what
The tablets of her soul afforded—
Or if the gallant felt a call
To advertise his plighted tryst, he
Chalked up the facts along a wall,
Or nicked on larches "*Τῇ καλλίστῃ*."

Turning to later days we find
That in the course of Love's excursions
Such charmers as were left behind
Made nothing by these base desertions;
Thus when the soldier went on trek,
Having betrayed the miller's daughter,
Apparently no sort of cheque
Reached her address at Allan Water.

Gone are the good old rules; and now
The times (in WALKLEY's phrase)
mutantur;
Our girls in every lover's vow
Detect the possible Levanter;
Each careless fragment you indite,
The simplest ode, the merest sonnet—
They keep it tight in black and white,
And clap a business-label on it.

The tuft of hair you ill could spare,
Designed to grace your lady's locket—
The hints of wealth that she should
share—

Each has its pigeon-hole or docket;
And when you wrote in fearless style
"Dear heart, my love is strong. Just
try me!"

She stuck your statement on a file!
O Tempora! O Labor limæ!

O. S.

VIVE L'ANGLETERRE!

Un café du Boulevard. M. DURAND et
M. DUPONT assis. M. DUBOIS arrive,
marchant à l'anglaise, très raide et
très correct.

Dubois. Allô!

Durand. Eh bien, mon cher, vous
n'êtes pas au téléphone.

Dubois. All right! Ce n'est pas le cri
du téléphone, c'est le "bonjour" anglais.

Dupont. Ah ça! Vous êtes comme
tout le monde.

Durand. Mettez-vous là. Qu'est-ce
que vous prenez? Un vermouth?

Dubois. Razaire not! Un thé. Mais
non, c'est pour les femmes. *I tak a
ouisky-soda.*

Dupont. Vous êtes épatant, mon cher.

Durand. On dirait un Anglais.

Dubois. Aoh yess! Le cousin de ma
belle-sœur a épousé une Irlandaise.
Comme ça je suis à moitié anglais. Pour
le moment j'adore tout ce qui est anglais.

Dupont. Et vous parlez anglais?

Dubois. Naturellement. Et tous les
jours je lis le *Times*.

Dupont. Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?

Dubois. Ah bah, mon cher! On voit
très bien que vous n'êtes pas dans le
mouvement. En province on ne sait
rien. Je vais vous le montrer. *Ouai-
taire, bring to me ze Times.*

Dupont. Sapristi, il parle anglais
couramment!

Durand. Moi je l'ai appris au collège.
Mais Dubois est beaucoup plus fort. Il
va changer de nom et s'appeler Mistaire
Voon.

Dubois. Pardon, ce nom se prononce
Ou-oudd. Ah, voilà le *Times*. C'est
un magnifique journal.

Dupont. C'est énorme. Et vous savez
lire tout ça?

Dubois. Parbleu, quelquefois un mot
m'échappe.

Dupont. C'est à n'y pas croire.

Durand. C'est très chic.

Dupont. Et vous savez chanter le *God
save*, et crier "Vive le Roi!" en anglais?

Dubois. Mieux que ça. Je crie
"Ipipoura!" lorsque je vois passer le
Roi d'Angleterre.

Dupont. C'est épatant. Et vous
portez un chapeau anglais, un complet
anglais, un parapluie anglais. Il vous
faut seulement les favoris roux—

Dubois. Mon Dieu, les provinces sont
toujours cinquante ans en arrière! Vous
parlez de l'Anglais de GAVARNI.
L'Anglais d'aujourd'hui porte toujours
une moustache blonde, comme moi.

Durand. Oui, c'est le dernier cri.

Dubois. *I say, you fellose*, je vais
vous quitter. Je vais au tub.

Durand et Dupont (ensemble). Un
tub, à cinq heures de l'après-midi?
C'est insensé!

Dubois. Ah non, *old shaps*, pas un
bain froid. Je veux dire le Métro. On
appelle ça à Londres le "*tubby tub*."
En effet je rentre. *I go to my ome,
sœuet ome, to my missus.*

Durand. Chez votre maîtresse? Aoh
shocking!

Dubois. Mais vous ne comprenez pas
un seul mot d'anglais. *Missus*, ça veut
dire ma femme, ma femme légitime.
C'est un mot des plus *smarts*. Ouell, *I
am off. Good-bye!* [Il sort.]

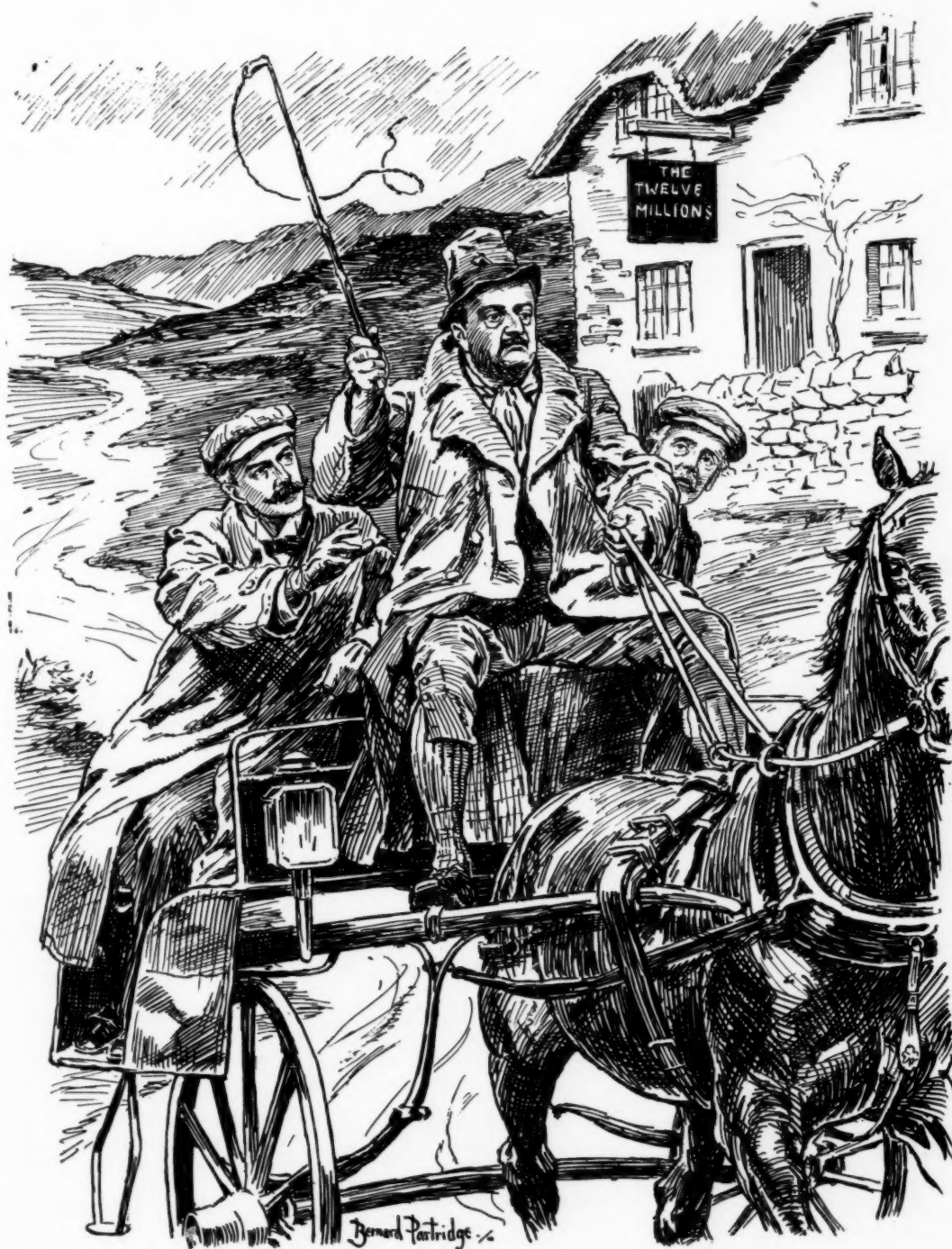
Durand. Au revoir! Eh bien, mon
cher, que dites-vous de marcher un
peu? Où allez-vous?

Dupont. Ah, sapristi, moi je vais
acheter un numéro du *Times* pour
apprendre l'anglais! Je veux être
dans le mouvement. Il le faut absolu-
ment. [Ils sortent.]

A Lesson to Germany.

THE KAISER, being at present interested
both in Language Reform and the Bagh-
dad Railway, should have some light
thrown on these two questions by the
following luminous passage in a letter
sent to the *Times* by Mr. E. SASSOON, M.P.:

"It seems astounding that the Government
could have entertained or coquetted with the
notion, instead of courteously giving it its *coup
de grâce* the moment it was mooted. At any rate
the fat has not fallen into the fire, and we may
now shed crocodile's tears on the none too pre-
mature jettisoning of this egregious abortion."



MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.

RIGHT HON. G. W-NDH-M (to driver). "HERE! HI! WE STOP HERE!"

W-LL-M R-DM-ND (the car-boy). "'STOP' IS IT? DIVIL A BIT! FAITH, WE'RE ONLY JUST STARTED!"

WALKING NOTES.

It is rumoured that the shop-walkers of London have resolved on a toe-and-heel performance over the stockbrokers' course.

The theatres are now exclusively given over to "walking gentlemen," who have struck for higher salaries. Plays are now entirely in pedestrian pantomime; they no longer "run" for so many nights; there is no "fat" for actors, and prompters are starving for want of work. However, the "ghost walks" all right.

"WALKER, London," will not in future be allowed as a telegraphic address, as it is computed that there are half-a-million claimants to that title.

During the last few days there has been a run on *Walker's Dictionary*, many of the purchasers being under the impression that that useful work contains the A B C of pedestrianism.

Automatic pedometers are being put on the market. They will ring an alarm if the wearer stops at more than a stipulated number of wayside "pubs.," if his toe and heel are off the ground together, if he gets a lift on a motor or otherwise, and if he fails to reach his destination within a reasonable time.

Among the recent additions to the Zoo is the "Cat that Walked" (*Felis Kiplingensis*), which is proving as great an attraction as the late lamented Jingo.

"The Long Walk" in Windsor Park will still retain its name, the Ranger having no intention of immortalising the Stock Exchange pedestrian victor by substituting the title of "The Broad Walk."

The London educational authorities have recommended "Walking the Plank" as a gymnastic exercise in all primary schools.

"Church Parade" has been taken in hand by professional trainers, and Sunday crawling is no longer permitted.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was observed to take a walk last Friday. This is a great departure, as it is well known that the right honourable gentleman has hitherto been entirely averse from all forms of athletics.

There is no truth, however, in the rumour that the Colonial Secretary is practising the "Cake-walk." He always



G. L. Jones.

A PROBLEM.

Young Lady (exhibiting her latest pet). "Isn't he just sweet? He's quite a baby yet, the dear!"

Friend. "Really! How nice! And what kind of creature d'you expect him to be when he's finished?"

takes the cake without any such needless preliminaries.

Several chiropodist kings have migrated to Park Lane.

The tread-mill has ceased to be a deterrent at His Majesty's Prisons. On the contrary, there has been such a rush on this useful training appliance, that the police authorities are at their wits' end to prevent aspirants from being taken up.

Tramps have suddenly become the darlings of Society, and no dinner-party is complete without one or more Work-

house Tourists (as they are called)—and is generally still less complete after the silver has been counted. This little peculiarity, however, is readily condoned.

THE INFERNAL QUESTION.

(Which bothers a pauper who would fain "assist at" Dante.

THE stall, since *res angustæ* press,
Must be by me ignored.
No circles, upper, "eighth," or dress,
Can my poor purse afford.

Yet, though Dame Fortune plies her rods,
Somewhere I vow I'll sit—
Shall I look down amidst the gods,
Or swelter in the Pit?

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. VII.

I've always been fond of a horse. Every Englishman is bound to be that, for all the world knows that we have more to do with horses and understand them better than any foreigner that ever stepped. Of course it isn't a thing we ought to boast about. We can't help being up in horse-flesh, seeing that we've got the best horses and more of them than anybody else. Let alone race-horses (and I should like to know how anyone's going to touch us there), you've only got to look at the amount of private carriages and cabs and buses that you find in London. There isn't another country in the world where they've got anything like as many, and the consequence is we've got more men per cent. in the population brought up to handle a horse and drive him than any of the foreign nations. It isn't their fault, of course. They're all very well for pictures and poetry and theatres and dancing, but if it comes to real sport (and sport's only another way of saying horses), they're not in it. They weren't born to the business, and they can't pick it up in after life any more than a man can learn boxing by plucking daisies in a meadow.

I don't mean to say we can all keep horses or learn to ride them. I never managed it myself, though I did try once to ride the old mare that used to take our business cart about. I was quite a little chap, and the driver put me on top of her in the stable yard one day. I hadn't gone five yards when she upped with her head and caught me full on the nose. I didn't want any more that day or any other day. I just left it there. Still, the riding itself doesn't so much matter; it's knowing what a horse is like, and what he's going to be up to that matters.

We've all got a feeling for horseflesh in our bones and the other chaps haven't, and there's an end of it. Only the other day ROGERSON was holding out against me that foreigners weren't such bad chaps after all when you got to know them, but I soon shut him up.

"Look here," I said, "did you ever see a foreigner who knew anything about horses?"

Of course he didn't—hadn't got one he could mention—so he dropped the argument and got to talking about the Education Bill.

Well, I was walking down Regent Street with ROGERSON that same day, looking into the Golconda Diamond shops. Talk of the advance of civilisation and motor cars and all that, why there's nothing can beat those sham jewels. You couldn't tell them from the real thing—not if you had a year of Sundays to do it in. The shops are gorgeous, all lit up with electric light, and a man in uniform standing outside ready to show you in; and beautiful female busts in marble, with pearl and diamond tiaras on their hair, and ruby and sapphire necklaces covering up their necks, glittering and sparkling sixteen to the dozen. It made my mouth water. I've quite made up my mind that when I lead the future Mrs. P. to the altar (if ever I do, which I'm not sure about), I shall give her a paroor of Golconda diamonds with a handful of ruby and emerald rings thrown in. She'll be as pleased as Punch, and no mortal soul will know they're not genuine.

Just as I was making up my mind about the kind of £5 Koh-i-noor I should like to have, I heard a crash in the street behind, and when I turned round I saw one of a pair of carriage horses had fallen down. There was a crowd in a second, and I was right in the front of the circle, you bet, with ROGERSON behind me. It isn't every day you're lucky enough to see a bit of an accident.

The coachman was down off his box, but he didn't seem to know what to do, except to look scared and fumble about with the straps. One dirty man with a red handkerchief

round his neck was sitting on the horse's head and shouting, and everybody else was shouting too.

"Let go 'is bearing-rein," hollaoed one, and "Git the other 'orse out," cried another; and half a dozen of them were all over the fallen horse, tugging at him and tumbling over one another, and all bellowing at the top of their lungs. ROGERSON kept egging me on:—

"Now then, Josh," he said, "show 'em what you can do. I see a foreigner there who's got his eye on the job, and he'll have the horse on his legs before you can get to him if you don't look sharp. Now's your time. Go in and cut all his reins and straps. That's the real English way. Here's a knife." And with that he shoved a great clasp-knife into my hand.

Well, I don't know how it was, but the next moment I'd dashed forward, crying, "Make way! I'll have him up! Keep clear." And there I was, hacking and carving away at the brute's harness for all I was worth. I got through a lot of leather, for I was bound to do the job thoroughly. But suddenly the horse gave a heave, chucking me over into the mud, and before I knew what was up somebody came on top of me and began punching me:—

"I'll teach you to cut my 'arness, you warmint," he shouted. "Ain't it enough to 'ave a 'orse down without a blamed cockney showin' orf and spoiling my reins and traces? Take that, you blighter."

A policeman took him off, and I found it was the coachman. I'm going to summon the ungrateful beast for assault.

CYCLING IN THE GARDEN.

A FINE overture is prophetic of a fine opera, and a good start, if not quite everything, is at least a matter for hearty congratulation. All interested in Opera at Covent Garden could not wish the Manager and the Syndicate a better prelude to the regular season than was played on Monday, April 27, with RICHARD WAGNER's *Das Rheingold*, Dr. HANS RICHTER being in the Conductor's chair.

Delightfully cool and comfortable appeared to be those "queer fish," the rotary Rhine Maidens, though, as to the cleverness of the mechanism, it will strike more than "one old hand at this sort of thing" that, after all sung and done, there's nothing like the simple wire. "Ænea," quite a bird in the air, could very well be reproduced as a duck in the water. But the whole scene goes swimmingly.

The ladies, FEUGE GLEISS, KNUPFER EGLI and HERTZER DEPPE, as the Spirits in the Water, sang melodiously, and Madame KIRKBY LUNN as *Erda* made the most of her one chance.

Herr VAN DYCK as *Loge, the Fire-god*, was excellent throughout; and Herr LIEBAN showed us what a *Mime* should be when considered apart from the omitted Christmas *Panto*. The very man, by name at least, for aquatic scenery is BROOKE, and his water-colouring is admirable. Dr. HANS RICHTER conducts the specially selected and augmented orchestra in a style that leaves nothing to be desired, except that the result may always be as it is to-night. The difficulty being to "go one better."

Tuesday.—Die Walküre. House first-rate and enthusiastic. Performance commenced at the mysterious hour of five. Hour and a-half allowed for dinner between first and second Acts. Mistake this, in present expert's opinion. Why? Because *post-prandial* enjoyment of entertainment largely depends on quantity and quality of the refreshment that has filled up the interval. Remember Mr. Perker's hope that the foreman of the jury empanelled for the *Bardell v. Pickwick* trial was having a good breakfast before coming into court:

"Highly important; very important, my dear Sir," replied PERKER. "A good, contented, well-breakfasted juryman is a capital thing to get hold of."



A BROKEN MELODY.

SCENE I.—Street Singer. "I FEAR NO FOE IN SHINING AR—"

SCENE II.—Enter Policeman.

And so a well-dined audience will be immensely kind to the performance, and to its faults will shut its eyes, as a few here and there—deep thinkers these—may be seen to do. Great therefore was the delight of the well-dined with the awful storm, with VAN DYCK as *Sieg-mund*, with charming Fräulein ZIMMERMANN as *Sieglinde*. Herr BERTRAM splendid as *Wotan* with Frau LEFFLER BURCKARD, and with the dramatic Brünhilde, who were all vociferously acclaimed before the curtain some four or five times, as also would have been the magnificent orchestra under the direction of the experienced Dr. RICHTER, but for the fact that they were already more or less before the curtain, though subterraneously located. Enough to say that no finer laurels can be added to the Cycle crown than those produced this last week in our Covent Garden.

AT THE NEW GALLERY.

Now that "The Arteries" of London are open to the public on payment of entrance fees, let no one who knows by sight Mr. JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER fail to visit the New Gallery, Regent Street, where is to be seen that artist's living presentment as a seated figure, rendered

by clever M. JEAN BOLDINI in deepest black with the classic white lock, not so much in evidence now as heretofore when there was less of the iron grey, looking out on the spectators as if fantastically entering into the humour of being hung here, and not in the Academy. A speaking likeness, and what good things he is saying to you! What a light in his laughing eyes!

From the Nether Lands.

THE Art critic of the *Daily Express*, describing the Guildhall Loan Collection of Dutch pictures, mentions that "PAUL POTTER and CUYP send cattle scenes." The activity of these Old Masters, down there in the Lower Regions, gives a new significance to the name of the Netherland School.

Our Dumb Friends.

"THE driver having finished milking, his cow offered to take me into an adjoining room where the milk was cooled, saying that while he fetched the manager I could have a look," &c., &c. —*British Medical Journal*.

QUITE "THE COCK OF THE WALK!" — Mr. E. F. BROAD.

THE CONGO "FREE" STATE.

["The Berlin Treaty provided for the treatment of the Congo natives on humane, philanthropic, and Christian lines. When he examined the evils he found that slaves were still offered for sale, natives were subjected to diabolical tortures, and were also forbidden to gather rubber unless they brought the rubber to the State officers."—*Dr. Clifford*.]

The Congo State

Is a thriving speculation

For the happy Belgian nation.

The receipts are great,

And are growing yearly bigger.

—But I'm glad I'm not a nigger

In the Congo State.

The Congo State

Is in a prosperous condition,

And its civilising mission

Who can overrate,

Or its zeal administrative?

—But I'm glad I'm not a native

Of the Congo State!

In the Congo State

Bounteous Nature has supplied you

With some useful tribes who guide you

(Charging nil for the freight),

Where the Palm and Rubber-tree grow

—But I'm glad I'm not a negro

In the Congo State.

VI-KINGS ESSENCE; A NORSE TRAGEDY IN A TEA-CUP.

(Condensed, with apologies, from the admirable Ibsen production at the Imperial.)

ACT SECOND.

The Feast-Room. DAGNY comes in with HIÖRDIS, who has been showing her over the house.

Hiördis. This is where we dine, dear. That circular construction of seats and desks is not a lecture-theatre, but a genuine old Viking dinner-table, specially designed for us by Head-Craftsman CRAIG. The massive Dutch-metal hoop swinging aloft is our Scandinavian Art-Chandelier.

Dagny. Right handsome is it—but wherefore containeth it not candles, HIÖRDIS?

Hiördis. Because, forsooth, we have ample store of crimson, and green, and purple light thrown on our sable hangings from the wings. That was Craftsman CRAIG's idea—the very latest thing in decorative domestic lighting.

Dagny. Goodly in sooth I ween is this High Art home—stead of thine, HIÖRDIS, and well wot I that, if content thou art not therewith, then *oughtest* thou surely so to be!

Hiördis. Quite so, dearest, but deemest thou not that—between *foster-sisters*—we might drop these archaic inversions for a while? The home is well enough in its way, but—(sighing)—only the shod eagle knoweth precisely where her talons are pinched! Like most Norwegian heroines, I find matrimony a trifle monotonous.

Dagny. I don't, but then I married SIGURD! But at least thou hast one advantage over me—thy little EGIL.

Hiördis. What's little EGIL?—only a Wild Duckling (as thy dear Papa would say), a mongrel weakling, who would probably blink if I sewed his little kirtle fast to his flesh. (With a look of cruelty) I've a good mind to try it some day!

Dagny (horried). Don't, HIÖRDIS! Don't try to talk like HEDDA GABLER, or RITA ALLMERS! They belong to much later sagas.

Hiördis. I know, darling—but it was all thy fault, thou dost remind me so much of THEA ELVSTED—just the same dear little simpleton—and thou hast rather irritating hair, too! Suppose we change the subject. Dost thou not enjoy going a-viking with SIGURD in gilt armour, playing the merry war-game, and seeing the red blood streaming over the white deck? It must be too *frightfully* thrilling!

Dagny. Nay, now thou art talking like that HILDA WANGEL! I never was a really good sailor, HIÖRDIS, and I assure thee that the mere sight of blood on a deck—!

Hiördis. I felt such a conviction that thou and SIGURD were not working out your lives harmoniously together as real comrades. And—strictly between ourselves—I am just a little disappointed with my GUNNAR. He has never quite recaptured the first fine careless rapture with which he tackled the Big White Bear that guarded my Bower!

Dagny. That I can well—(collects herself)—I mean—thou dost not say so!

Hiördis. No, he has never done anything really since. (Abruptly) I cannot think what SIGURD could possibly have seen in thee, darling—but perhaps, thou sly little witch, thou used'st sorceries of some kind to lure him on.

[Presses her wildly in her arms.]

Dagny. I! Really, HIÖRDIS! Even in a foster-sister, such excessively feline amenities—!

Hiördis. Merely my playfulness, dearest. Let us talk of something else. Thou canst have no notion how snug it is for me sitting here of an evening, listening to the Kelpie wailing in the boat-house, and the Dead Men riding to Valhal on their coal-black cock-horses hung with jangling bells. They pass close by our front-door.

Dagny (struggling to escape). Thy home seemeth indeed

most conveniently situated. (Rushes to SIGURD, who enters with GUNNAR.) SIGURD, let's go. I can't dine here. I really don't think HIÖRDIS can be quite right in her head.

Sigurd (gloomily). We've got to dine here now—thou hast let me in for this business!

[Enter THOROLF and other Guests, dressed for dinner in crazy quilts.]

Gunnar. Here ye all are, eh! Fancy that, HIÖRDIS! Sit down, and let's be jolly! (Guests sit; handmaidens serve round apples and oranges in baskets.) Now, ye see your dinner—don't shirk those green glass funnels, you fellows—strictly according to the period, I assure ye. SIGURD, my boy, the mead's with thee!

[The Guests feed; a pause.]

Hiördis. Let's play that amusing parlour game of every man naming his chief exploit—it is such fun!

Gunnar. Oh, I say, HIÖRDIS! At a family dinner like this! Mightn't it lead to—er—ructions?

Hiördis. What if it does?—art thou afraid?

Sigurd (strikes in kindly). Afraid? Good old GUNNAR afraid? What an idea! Tell 'em how you once sailed up the Temmis in a ten-öre "Citizen," all the way from the Cross of Chäryng to Pötni, old chap!

Hiördis. Pooh! that is a trip any fool can take!

Sigurd. I beg thy pardon. None can take it now—for no longer are the boats running.

Hiördis (baffled). H'm—well, unless thou wantest me to think that thou art jealous of GUNNAR, suppose thou tellest us thy biggest deed.

Sigurd (to himself). Spoiling is she for a row as usual! (Aloud) Well, since thou wilt have it: once, when I lay a-viking, there came eight huge Berseking black-beetles across my bunk; them did I confront unflinchingly and slay single-handed.

Hiördis. Good was that deed—but wast thou fully armed?

Sigurd. Fully armed—with a stout-heeled slipper.

Hiördis. Oh?—still, it was not so bad. Now, GUNNAR, name that which thou deemest thy bravest act.

Gunnar (uncillingly). Er—let me see. . . Oh, once, when dealing at the Bridge with King ÆTHELSTAN, seven high hearts had I, and to him did I leave it; and "no Trumps," he made it, holding four aces and three kings. ÆTHELSTAN deemed well of that deed, and said that I had done nobly, and gave me much thanks.

Hiördis. Nay, truly, GUNNAR, a deed that required even greater nerve than that hast thou performed, and if thou wilt not speak, thy wife will! SIGURD slew eight cock-roaches with a slipper—but GUNNAR came to my Bower, and settled my Big White Bear with a sardine-opener! (Enthusiastically) My—my Master Bear-Killer!

Gunnar (violently agitated). That will do! Am I never to hear the last of that infernal Bear? At a family party, too!

Hiördis (loudly). I don't care. I put it to ye all. Which is braver—SIGURD or GUNNAR?

[A tactful old gentleman in the corner declares for GUNNAR, who is unanimously voted the victor. He signals in silent agony across the table to SIGURD.]

Sigurd (smiling). Vain is it to try to get up a row between me and old GUNNAR. For him have I the greatest respect.

Hiördis. Of course if thou really enjoyest playing second fiddle—(with a side-glance at THOROLF). Had ÖRNULF, thy father, been here, he could have played third!

Thorolf (rising instantly). Then what price thy father JÖKUL, who fell before ÖRNULF?

Hiördis. Go thou home and grow a beard! Whose father leaves him behind when there's any fighting to be done, eh? *Thorolf (thoroughly provoked).* A pity it is he didn't take

as much care of thee—for then mightest thou have turned out a bit better. (Hjördis starts and glares with fury.) I'm no end sorry, GUNNAR, old man—it slipped out—she does nag at a fellow so!

Hjördis (laughing). Such compliments are customary when relations meet at the feast-board.

Gunnar. It's all right, my boy. She didn't mean to be nasty! And (awkwardly) I say, look here—just to show there's no ill-feeling—here's a sword for thee.

Thorolf (taking it). Thanks awfully. I can only say that it—er—shall never be—er—drawn in—in an unworthy cause. (To himself) Rather neat and original that!

Hjördis (with a smile of provocation). Catch thee drawing it at all! Mind thou hangeest it not on thy family hat-stand, for there hang base men's weapons!

Thorolf. Right thou art! There's thy Governor's battle-axe hanging there! (Chuckles.) One to me, I think!

Hjördis (vehemently). Ever art thou chipping me with the axe wherewith ÖRNULF slew JÖKUL—but he could never have done it had he not first taken six easy lessons in sorcery from the witch of Smalserhorn!

Thorolf (infuriated). That's a beastly lie, and thou wottest it! Take back thy bally sword! (Flings it down.) I'm off—but, before I go, let me just tell ye this much. I happen to know that, at this precise moment, my impulsive old parent is in all probability cheerily engaged in splitting your little EGIL's nut open. Good evening!

[He goes out.]

Gunnar (deeply pained). ÖRNULF splitting open our little EGIL's golden nut! Oh, HJÖRDIS! Fancy that!

Hjördis. And thou lettest THOROLF go like this! Art not thou going after him?

Gunnar (as if beside himself). I really can't help him on with his overcoat, after this!

Hjördis. But thou canst hit him over the head with thy battle-axe, canst thou not? Thus will not ÖRNULF have the laugh of us!

Gunnar (seizes an axe). No seemly manner is this for a host to see his guest off—but I suppose it has got to be done!

[Rushes out.]

Daggy (whispers uneasily to SIGURD). All the evening have I had a foreboding as if some unpleasantness were at hand!

Gunnar (returns, very pale). It is all over. By the umbrella-stand did I come up with him! (Sombrely) A new doormat shall we now assuredly need, HJÖRDIS!

Hjördis. Rightly is he served! For what business had his father to give our little EGIL his bane?

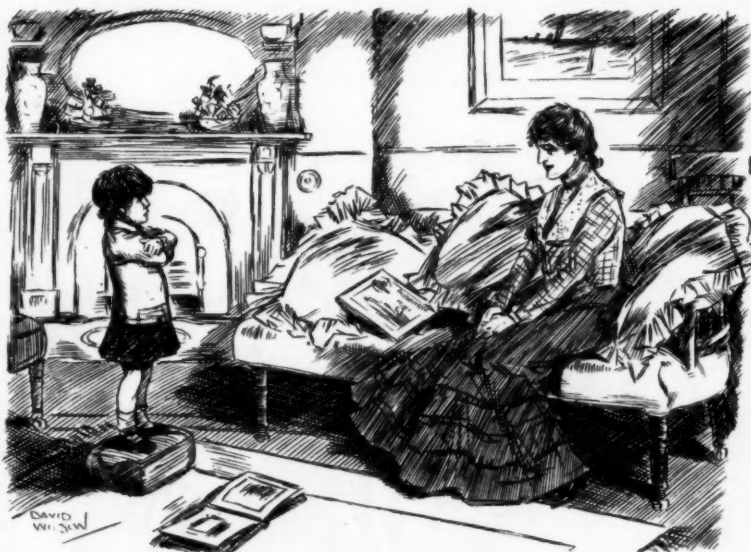
Gunnar. That's true. And, after all, we had only one son, while ÖRNULF has still half-a-dozen left. Big ones, too. When we meet I shall put it to him in that way, and, as a fair-minded man, he will surely—

[Enter a House-carl.]

The House-carl (announcing). Viking ÖRNULF of the Fiords!

[Sensation.]

Hjördis (indignantly). What? He has the effrontery to drop in to dinner, as if naught had happened—after doing for our little EGIL! A warm reception let him encounter!



EARLY ASPIRATIONS.

Aunt Grace. "I suppose, JIMMY, you've quite made up your mind what you are going to be when you are a man?"

Jimmy. "YES, AUNTIE GRACE. WHEN I'M A MAN, I'LL BE EITHER"—(with great determination)—"A LION TAMER OR A TRAM CONDUCTOR!"

[Guests draw their swords, flourish axes, and roar. Old ÖRNULF enters complacently, bearing little EGIL on his shoulders. Guests drop their weapons, and look extremely foolish.]

Sigurd (softly to GUNNAR). Thy foot hast thou put in it this time and no mistake, old fellow!

Gunnar (as if waking up). After all, I didn't hit THOROLF so very hard—and it was only a property axe. Still, the situation is distinctly awkward.

Örnulf (to GUNNAR, setting little EGIL down). Hast thou then no joy in what is surely a highly effective entrance? Meseems my little practical joke hath fallen but flatly . . . Will nobody make a remark?

[All the Company preserve an embarrassed silence—in which Mr. Punch's Condenser is compelled to leave them till next week, when he proposes to take a few trifling liberties with the dénouement. F. A.]

Masters of Arts.

Mr. Punch has great pleasure in directing attention to an exhibition of drawings of the Durbar and other phases of Indian life by his Mr. RAVEN HILL at 148, New Bond Street. With him is associated Mr. SHELDON WILLIAMS, whose paintings form an admirable complement to Mr. RAVEN HILL's black-and-white designs. Those are rich in colour and impressionist feeling, these in humour and draughtsman-like detail. A veritable Accademia Delhi Belle Arti.

Talking of the Orient, Mr. Punch's Own Self-appointed Critic has to record the appearance of a Rising Star in the person of Mr. ARTHUR STREETON. His small but most delightful collection of English landscapes at the Ryder Gallery (No. 10 in the Street of that name) reveals an instinct for atmosphere and the play of sunlight that can only belong to a painter who is a poet at heart. As the circus-song goes at the Saturday sittings of the Savage Club—"Walk up and see the Ryders, the Ryders, the Ryders!"



AURA POPULARIS.

SCENE—Hunt Steeplechase.

THE FAVOURITE IN THE FARMERS' RACE HAVING REFUSED, A FEW OF HIS SUPPORTERS CAME TO THE RESCUE.

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER.

["There was undoubtedly a good deal of discontent on the part of Members with the official Parliamentary Report. It was not an uncommon experience for a Member to be made to talk nonsense, or to say exactly the opposite of what he did say."—Lord H. Cecil in the House of Commons.]

Too long our senators have borne
The odium of unjust aspersions,
Too long you viewed with easy scorn
Their oratorical exertions!

In fact, to your untutored sense,
It almost seemed that bygone ages
Could match the modern eloquence
Contained in Mr. HANSARD'S pages.

Perhaps you regularly con
The authorised *rechauffé*, seeking
Materials for essays on
"The Decadence of Public Speaking,"

Or, should a want of culture give
Your words a frankness barely civil,
Accuse your representative
Quite openly of talking drivell.

For shame! The average M.P.'s
Remarks on London Education
Would fairly make Demosthenes
Pallid with jealous admiration.

Yet if Demosthenes, by dint
Of opportune metempsychosis,
Then read the speech in *Hansard's* print
He'd find it altered in the process!

The skilful arguments of each
M.P. are twisted and distorted,
Their most artistic flowers of speech
Are mercilessly misreported.

What, they let fall a single word
Whose wisdom anyone could question?
Who could conceive a more absurd,
A more gratuitous suggestion?

What, they, our gifted senators,
In whom our unabated trust is—
They ever mix their metaphors?—
The very thought is rank injustice!

So banish *Hansard* from your shelf,
Cancel the rashly-uttered sentence;
A night within the House itself
Will bring unqualified repentance!

AWARDS FOR GALLANTRY.

[Last week a traveller in a tramcar who had given up his seat to a lady was afterwards fined for aiding and abetting the conductor in overcrowding the car, the magistrate saying that he must pay for his chivalry.]

Extract from the "*Police News*" of
May 1, 1904.

At Aldwych Police Court yesterday, PETER BROWN, a sweep, was charged, under the Malicious Injury to Property Act, with unlawfully entering the artificial lake in St. James's Park, thereby causing damage to the water and killing several of the fish. Evidence was given on behalf of the prisoner to show that he had jumped into the water after a little girl who had fallen in. The Magistrate, remarking on the case, said that he had inflicted the maximum penalty allowed in such a case. Men of this kind were only too apt to seize upon some paltry excuse for obtaining liquor by false pretences. He was sorry that the law did not allow of his placing Brown's name on the Black List in addition to the fine inflicted.



“VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT.”

RUSSIAN BEAR (to himself, as he edges away). “I DON’T MIND THE FACES HE MAKES; BUT I CAN’T SAY I LIKE THE LOOK OF THOSE LEGS!”

[“In any case it is certain the Ministers of the United States, Japan, and Great Britain at Peking are in possession of full instructions to support the Chinese Government in resisting any proposal from Russia which would be in contradiction to the Manchurian Convention.”
Daily Paper.]



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHINA PRESS

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 27.

—By a simple device, recommended to his latest successor on the Woolsack, HENRY LORD BROUGHAM enjoyed the privilege of learning exactly what his



A STUDY IN FEROCIOUS AND BLOODTHIRSTY TYRANNY!

Lord Penrhyn's attitude in the Peers' Gallery while his ruthless barbarity, &c., &c., is being laid bare to a horrified assembly.

friends and contemporaries thought of him. Giving out that he had died in his bed, he sat up in it and read all the obituary notices of himself that flooded the papers. This afternoon, seated stiff-backed, stony-faced in Peers' Gallery, Lord PENRHYN had opportunity of gleaming frank opinion of himself cherished by honourable Members. Everyone knew he was there; part of grim irony of situation was to affect ignorance of his presence. He heard JEMMY LOWTHER with tears in his voice describe him as a just and generous man, his one passion in life being to take to his heart the toilworn quarryman, to clothe his little ones, and soothe his wife with five o'clock Bohea. On the contrary, Brother GERALD, speaking for the Board of Trade, rather indicated than asserted that he would sooner share the mid-day meal of a Bengal tiger than approach the noble lord on the subject of conciliation. THOMAS BURT, breaking long silence amid general cheering, dismissed Lord PENRHYN with the remark—"as

an employer he is out of date." Incidentally, through a succession of speeches that with brief interval for dinner extended from three o'clock in the afternoon till the midnight hour, Lord PENRHYN, impenetrable, implacable, listening in the Gallery overlooking the scene, heard himself discussed as if he were no more sensitive than a block of his own slates hewn from the quarry at Bethesda.

On the whole a dull affair till PRINCE ARTHUR brightened it up. Canny C.-B., with obvious intent of belittling Premier's colleagues in Cabinet, extravagantly extolled CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. So reckless was he in eulogy that he went so far as to call RITCHIE "the Good Fairy of the Ministry." Now C. T. R. has many high qualifications, varied recommendation to popular favour. But he isn't exactly the kind of person whom one in sober moments would instinctively associate with fairyland. It suited C.-B.'s game at the moment to regard him as such, and he devoted appreciable portion of his speech to figging out RITCHIE in fairy raiment and attributes. Some men would have shown themselves annoyed at this invidious preference of a colleague. PRINCE ARTHUR, on the contrary, echoed C.-B.'s sentiment.

"I thought," he said, "the right honourable gentleman, instead of denouncing the action or inaction of the Government, was proposing a toast to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Indeed, so profoundly was I impressed by this idea that it was with the greatest difficulty I restrained myself from jumping up and leading off the refrain 'For he's a jolly good fellow.'"

This banter, almost boisterous in its humour and high spirits, shook out with laughter what was left of life in the portentous Vote of Censure. Lord PENRHYN and his workmen, the long struggle at Bethesda, with all it has meant to women and children, were forgotten. Members streamed forth chuckling into Division Lobby. Majority not quite up to mark of what might have been expected when the Opposition formally put pistol to head of the best of all Ministries. But it was considerably more than they expected, fighting under the banner of Lord PENRHYN; far more than they would have got but for this dexterous speech.

Business done.—Vote of Censure on Government negatived by 316 against 182.

Tuesday night.—The Angel of Death is over the House. You can plainly hear the rustling of his wings. Most of us remember the lively little scene of Wednesday last, when HANBURY fortuitously looked in as a friendly Member repeated the long-debated question,

whether the Board of Agriculture had been in communication with the Board of Trade on matter of excessive railway rates for agricultural produce. Brother GERALD on behalf of Board of Trade denied all knowledge of the interposition. HANBURY answered the question in the affirmative. He did not want to give away a colleague convicted of ignorance on a point affecting his Department. But the Board of Agriculture must be vindicated. Performed his part as briefly, as considerably, yet as effectively as possible, and with familiar carriage, head erect, shoulders thrown back, walked forth with long stride, none dreaming that we should see his face no more.

As PRINCE ARTHUR said in the few words of lament just uttered, the House has lost one of its most distinguished Members, the country is deprived of great administrative capacity. A desire to avoid personal considerations prevented him from adding that a not too strong Ministry has been weakened by the cutting off of one of its ablest Members. HANBURY not a brilliant man; but he was a safe man, of trained business aptitude, tireless industry, animated by predominant sense of duty. He was endowed with the nearest



"THE GOOD FAIRY OF THE MINISTRY."
(According to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.)
(Mr. R-tch-e.)

approach to the unobtrusive but priceless qualities of OLD MORALITY the present generation has known. In Opposition he curvetted perhaps a little heavily round the Treasury Bench.

He had not the keen wit nor the dramatic form of speech of his old comrade, CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES. But he shared with him possession of the art of taking pains.

When, in the haphazard fashion with which the MARKISS "strengthened" his Ministry, HAMBURY was sent to the Board of Agriculture, it was sarcastically said he didn't know a turnip from a mangold wurzel. He very soon did, and by pegging away, always ready to learn, ever open to conviction, he steadily, at increased pace, acquired the confidence alike of landowner and farmer, and the reputation of being the most successful Minister of Agriculture since the Department was created. Unswerving in independence, incapable of bartering an opinion for personal advantage, never playing to the gallery, devoted heart and soul to the public business entrusted to him, he made no enemies and leaves behind a host of friends.

Business done.—Second reading of London Education Bill. SYDNEY BUXTON moving its rejection hopelessly mixes up JEROBOAM, REHOBOAM, and eke King SOLOMON. Worth a king's ransom to see J. G. TALBOT, spectacles on nose, look of ineffable pain on his face, rise to a point of order. Desired to inform the right honourable Member that JEROBOAM had no part in the threat about chastising with scorpions a people who had formerly suffered from whips. The reference was made to King SOLOMON. "Why drag in VELASQUEZ?" said JIMMY WHISTLER when enthusiastic lady greeted him with the remark, "You and VELASQUEZ are the greatest painters that ever lived." "Why drag in JEROBOAM?" was the mute entreaty pictured on J. G. T.'s mournful countenance as it turned on the champion of School Boards seated opposite.

Friday night.—Spent quiet afternoon in Library reading BRYCE's *Studies in Contemporary Biography* just issued by MACMILLAN. Deals with a score of men eminent in various fields of public life. All the essays are well done. The last, which has GLADSTONE for its theme, is the most illuminating discourse on the subject I have read among the miles of printed pages given to the world since he left it. For some years BRYCE was a colleague in the great statesman's Cabinet. In scholarship he was closely akin; moreover both were not only Scots but Scots with a strong infusion of the Celtic element. Set a Scotchman to catch a Scotchman. Possibly it is this blood kinship that enables ex-President of Board of Trade to see deeply and clearly into complex character of the devout Churchman who disestablished a Church, of the rising

hope of the Tory Party who did more than any other statesman to democratise the British Constitution.

GLADSTONE had for his friend and colleague that fascination he wove about everyone coming under his personal influence. Its effect has not been in the direction of fulsome eulogy. BRYCE's attitude is rather that of a judge summing up with almost painful impartiality a case with which he has made himself profoundly intimate. Recollections of old friendship, services and sympathies, do not prevent the judge from infusing his dissecting operation with some of the ruthless thoroughness of a post-mortem examination.

The study is luminous with remarks tempting to quotation. Whilst Mr. G. was yet with us the most superficial observer recognised the ever active conflict in his mind between Conservative tendencies and Radical impulses. As BRYCE puts it, "He was rather two men than one. Passionate and impulsive on the emotional side of his nature, he was cautious and conservative on the intellectual. Few understood the conjunction, still fewer saw how much of what was perplexing in his conduct it explained. . . . The relative strength with which the need for drastic reform or the need for watchful conservatism, as the case might be, presented itself to his mind, depended largely upon the weight his emotions cast into one or other scale, and this emotional element made it difficult to forecast his course."

This explains the Home Rule Bill, and much else in an occasionally bewildering career. The MEMBER FOR SARK, who for more than twenty years had opportunities in public life and in private relations of studying Mr. G., thought he knew him pretty well. He has found new light in this singularly shrewd appreciation.

DUDLEY JONES, BORE-HUNTER.

II.

I THINK STANLEY PETTIGREW had his suspicions from the first that all was not thoroughly above board with regard to JONES. Personally, I think it was owing to the latter's disguise. It was one of JONES's foibles never to undertake a case without assuming a complete disguise. There was rarely any necessity for a disguise, but he always assumed one. In reply to a question of mine on the subject he had once replied that there was a sportsmanlike way of doing these things, and an unsportsmanlike way. And we had to let it go at that.

On the present occasion he appeared in a bright check suit, a "property" bald head, fringed with short scarlet

curls (to match his tie and shirt), and a large pasteboard nose, turned up at the end and painted crimson. Add to this that he elected to speak in the high falsetto of a child of four, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that a man of STANLEY's almost diabolical shrewdness should suspect that there was something peculiar about him. As regarded my appearance JONES never troubled very much. Except that he insisted on my wearing long yellow side-whiskers, he left my make-up very much to my own individual taste.

I shall never forget dinner on the first night after our arrival. I was standing at the sideboard, trying to draw a cork (which subsequently came out of its own accord, and broke three glasses and part of the butler), when I heard JONES ask STANLEY PETTIGREW to think of a number.

His adversary turned pale, and a gleam of suspicion appeared in his eye.

"Double it," went on JONES relentlessly. "Have you doubled it?"

"Yes," growled the baffled wretch.

"Add two. Take away the number you first thought of. Double it. Add three. Divide half the first number (minus eighteen) by four. Subtract seven. Multiply by three hundred and sixteen, and the result is the number you first thought of minus four hundred and five."

"Really?" said STANLEY PETTIGREW with assumed indifference.

"My dear JONES, how—?" I began admiringly.

JONES flashed a warning glance at me. Miss PETTIGREW saved the situation with magnificent tact.

"JOHN," she said, "you forget yourself. Leave the room."

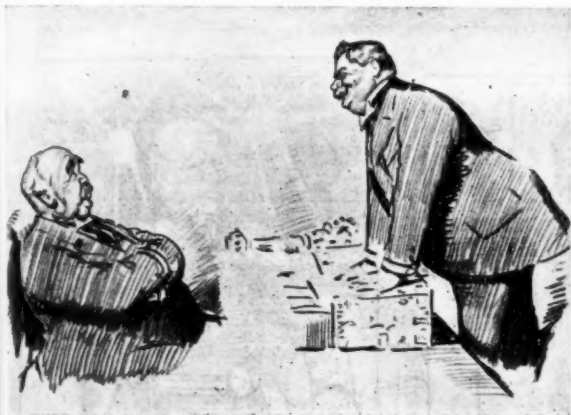
I was therefore deprived of the pleasure of witnessing the subsequent struggles, which, to judge from the account JONES gave me in my room afterwards, must have been magnificent.

"After the fish," said JONES, "he began—as I had suspected that he would—to tell dog-stories. For once, however, he had found his match. My habit of going out at odd moments during the day to see men about dogs has rendered me peculiarly fitted to cope with that type of attack. I had it all my own way. Miss PETTIGREW, poor girl, fainted after about twenty minutes of it, and had to be carried out. I foresee that this will be a rapid affair, WUDDUS."

But it was not. On the contrary, after the first shock of meeting a powerful rival so unexpectedly, STANLEY PETTIGREW began to hold his own, and soon to have the better of it.

"I tell you what it is, WUDDUS," said JONES to me one night, after a fierce

THE BITER BIT.—No. 5.



Lord Stanley. To ask Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN if he can kindly give the names of the Secretary of State for War, Colonial Secretary, and Foreign Secretary, respectively, in the next Liberal Administration; or, in the event of his being unable, for a few days, to state these definitely, whether he can contradict the report that these offices will be held by Mr. CHANNING, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, and Mr. TOMMY LOUGH.

encounter had ended decidedly in his rival's favour, "a little more of this and I shall have to own myself defeated. He nearly put me to sleep in the third round to-night, and I was in Queer Street all the time. I never met such a bore in my life."

But it is the unexpected that happens. Three days later, STANLEY PETTIGREW came down to breakfast, looking haggard and careworn. JONES saw his opportunity.

"Talking of amusing anecdotes of children," he said (the conversation up to this point had dealt exclusively with the weather), "reminds me of a peculiarly smart thing a little nephew of mine said the other day. A bright little chap of two. It was like this—"

He concluded the anecdote, and looked across at his rival with a challenge in his eye. STANLEY PETTIGREW was silent, and apparently in pain.

JONES followed up his advantage. He told stories of adventure on Swiss mountains. A bad Switzerland bore is the deadliest type known to scientists.

JONES was a peerless Switzerland bore. His opponent's head sank onto his chest, and he grew very pale.

"And positively," concluded JONES, "old FRANZ WILHELM, the guide, you know, a true son of the mountains, assured us that if we had decided to go for a climb that day instead of staying in the smoking-room, and the rope had broken at the exact moment when we were crossing the Thingummy glacier, we should in all probability have been killed on the spot. Positively on the spot, my dear Sir. He said that we should all have been killed on the spot."

He paused. No reply came from PETTIGREW. The silence became uncanny. I hurried to his side, and placed a hand upon his heart. I felt in vain. Like a superannuated policeman, the heart was no longer on its beat. STANLEY PETTIGREW (it follows, of course) was dead.

JONES looked thoughtfully at the body, and helped himself to another egg.

"He was a bad man," he said quietly, "and he won't be missed. R.S.V.P."

A brief post-mortem examination revealed the fact that he had fallen into the pit which he had dugged for another. He had been bored to death.

"Why, JONES," said I, as we sprang into the midnight mail that was to take us back to town; "did deceased collapse in that extraordinary manner?"

"I will tell you. Listen. After our duel had been in progress some days, it was gradually borne in upon me that this STANLEY PETTIGREW must have some secret reservoir of matter to draw upon in case of need. I searched his room."

"JONES!"

"And under the bed I found a large case literally crammed with tip-books. I abstracted the books and filled the box with bricks. Deprived of his resources, he collapsed. That's all."

"But—" I began.

"If you ask any more questions, WUDDUS," said JONES, "I shall begin to suspect that you are developing into a bore yourself. Pass the morphia and don't say another word till we get to London."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

(With acknowledgments to the "informative" journals.)

In England two-and-sixpence is equivalent to half-a-crown.

There will be seven days in next week. Roughly speaking there are twenty-four hours to every day. Statistics show that three hundred and sixty-five of these days go to make up a year.

In North Street, Kentish Town, there are only five lamp-posts and five lamps. This is not unlike a street in Bishop Auckland, where there are six lamp-posts and six lamps.

In connection with the Stockbrokers' walk to Brighton it may be noted that there are 1760 yards in a mile. A mile is one of our accepted standards of measurement.

Decimal coinage is accepted in France. The English value of a franc is slightly under tenpence. Our own shilling is of course worth rather over two-pence more.

The present EDWARD is the seventh who has ruled over England. His predecessor of the same name was EDWARD THE SIXTH.

A SONG OF ZOOBILEE.

(On the Election of Dr. Chalmers Mitchell as Secretary of the Zoological Society.)

YE Elephants rejoice,
Lions, with cheerful voice
Shake to vibration all the buildings
round;
Ye Apes and Marbled Cats,
Mingling your sharps and flats,
Distend the volume of triumphant
sound.

Raise your melodious cry,
Ye Hippopotami,
Ye little Foxes, sing of spoilt vines;
Sleek down your wondrous skins
Ye "Silky Tamarins;"
Depress your quills, ye fretful Porcupines.

Swans, be no longer mute;
Tune thy harmonious flute,
Australian Piping Crow, and clap your
bills,
For lack of sounding timbrels,
Ye Demoiselles and Whimbrels;
Lament no more, ye mournful Whip-poor-wills.

Ye birds that cannot sing,
Make brave display of wing,
Of painted tail, or of uplifted crest;
Ye humbler creatures all
That swim, or hop, or crawl,
Your joy in lowlier fashion manifest.

Hushed is th' election's fray,
Progress hath gained the day,
The sun shines all the brighter for the
storm.

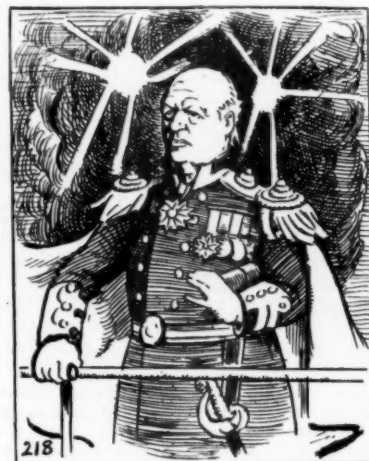
Now may the new-made broom,
To give caged creatures room,
Inaugurate an era of reform.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY ANNUAL.

SHOWING SOME OF THE PICTURES THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING.



179 Ringing up the Dressmaker -394 gives the reason.



A Sad Storey.



The Skirts of the Country.



Tin-Canned Man.

With PARSONS to answer for morals,
With a SARGENT who must be obeyed,
And then, to adjudicate quarrels,
A SOLOMON nobly ARAYed—
With all these inducements inviting
To ways that are quite *comme il faut*,
Things cannot be very exciting
At the Burlington Show.

In truth, so well regulated a corps as the 1880 exhibitors now under canvas at Piccadilly ought not to give Mr. *Punch's* Representative much chance. Yet, as the following impressions may prove, there is matter for mirth as well as melancholy in the galleries of Academe.

15. "I have a left elbow that people come miles to see." J. J. SHANNON, A.

32. After the Dinner-Party. "I must give MARIA warning. The soup

was perfectly disgusting." CHARLES SIMS.

42. *The North-West Passage.* J. W. NORTH, A.

61. *Re-vaccinated.* "What a pity my husband was not a conscientious objector!" GEORGE W. JOY.

66. "Say is it an expiring frog,
Or is it a disheartened dog
Baying the moon amid the fog,
Is it a man, or is't a log?"

GEORGE CLAUSEN, A.

76. *Teetotalism in Arcady.* Sad results on the natives. T. B. KENNINGTON.

84. *The Dangers of Automobilm.* Collision between Motor Phaeton and Richmond Bus. Sir W. B. RICHMOND, R.A.

88. *Her First Pair of Spectacles.* ARTHUR HACKER, A.

90. "Who said Baghdad Railway?" J. WATSON NICOL.

110. *Tigers botanising in a South African swamp.* ARTHUR WARDLE.

118. *His first Smoke.* ERNEST NORMAND.

135. *The Genesis of Aunt Sally.* OSMAN HAMDY.

148. *Portrait of Mrs. Dale-Lace.* HAL HURST.

534. *Portrait of Miss Love-Lace.* FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

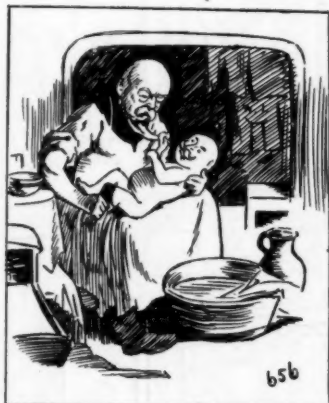
153. *The Grand Trunk.* G. F. WAITS, R.A.

179. *Ringing up the Dressmaker.* "Really these Parisian skirts show rather too much ankle!" GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R.A.

394. "But in some respects they are certainly more convenient." ELIZABETH FORBES.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY ANNUAL.

(Continued.)



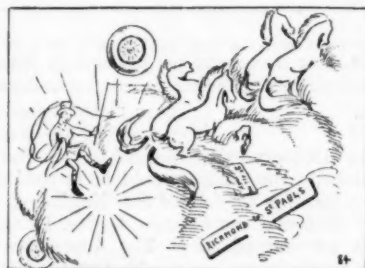
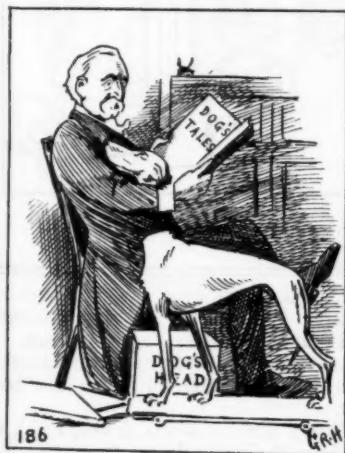
Unrecorded History.



The Genesis of Aunt Sally.



The Ambidextrous Artist.



186. *The Education of our Domestic Pets.* Painful result of overpressure. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.

201. *Sandow Exercises in the Eighteenth Century.* W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

204. *Keeping her Hair on.* By WATERHOUSE after AIKINSIDE.

209. *Pot-pourri.* E. A. ABBEY, R.A. Obviously this can not be an Earley work.

218. *The last Phase of an old Sea-Dog.* LORD CHARLES BERESFORD at the Battle of Margate in the year 1950. CHARLES W. FURSE.

228. *Mixed Cricket; or, The Floating Wicket-Keepers.* GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R.A.

242. *An Ox in a Cockle-shell.* W. H. BARTLETT.

247. *Venice "struck pink."* VAL PRINSEP, R.A., pinksit.

281. *Scene in Brill's Baths after the Walk to Brighton.* HENRY S. TUKE, A.

292. *More Pot-pourri.* ARTHUR HACKER, A. Observe the attitude of the Marquess of Ormonde (291) and Mr. Walter Leigh Hunt (295).

303. *Luminous Push-ball.* EUGENIE MUNK.

304. *Fire at Cannon Street Station.* ALBERT GOODWIN.

352. *The Sick Tiger.* ARTHUR WARDLE.

366. *Discovery of a new Star by Lady Huggins.* FRED. STEAD.

374. *Scene at a Convalescent Home. The disconnected Family.* N. DENHOLM DAVIS.

427. *The Worst Woman in London,* after setting fire to her father's beard, bars his escape. HON. JOHN COLLIER.

441. *Portrait Cleverley painted by* MACRICE GREIFFENHAGEN.

453. *"Most awkward hinge this: I've already lost three fingers and a thumb."* JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.

458. *Portrait of Lord Cromer* "Excuse my left hand, but I've hurt my right by using the Baring reign so long." JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.

459. *Mimicry in Nature.* Toadstool counterfeiting a human being. HON. WALTER JAMES.

478. *Swelling Wisibly, or, The Approach of Mumps:* a sad STOREY.

489. *Canned Man.* The latest delicacy by ARMOUR of Chicago. PHILIP J. THORNHILL.

491. *The Ambidextrous Artist.* "If a SARGENT can caricature an Earl, why not a Major-General?" H. VON HERKOMER, R.A.

505. *Interior of an Indigo Factory.* FRED. F. FOOTIT.

656. *Unrecorded History.* The late Prince BISMARCK and the infant WILLIAM. FREDERICK W. ELWELL.

690. *The "Times" Competition in Cornwall.* WALTER LANGLEY.



IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE NUMBER OF PICTURES THE COMMITTEE HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO HANG, A SUGGESTION IS HERE MADE FOR UTILISING THE SPACE AFFORDED BY THE REFRESHMENT ROOM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

On the "Polar Star" in the Arctic Sea (HUTCHINSON) is the record of an expedition that touched the most northern latitude yet reached by man returning to tell his tale. *Farthest North* is the title of NANSEN's work, a triumphant note that must be lowered in presence of the achievement of the Duke of the Abruzzi. In simple language, suitable to entry in a diary, his Royal Highness tells from day to day how he and his gallant comrades fared. The story is supplemented by statements of Commander CAGNI, whose sledge expedition touched 86° 34', and of Doctor MOLINELLI, who made a trip in another direction. The narrative is full of graphic touches. My Baronite has not come upon one that brings more vividly to mind Arctic perils and discomfort than does a passing reference to Captain CAGNI on returning from his expedition. The Prince, sallying forth to meet the party, came upon the Captain in his tent busy "getting off his trousers which had frozen upon him." This was the result of his falling into a channel at imminent risk to life. Pages of fine writing could not create a more vivid impression of daily life in the Far North--a gentleman before he sits down to dinner getting out of his frozen trousers, possibly with the assistance of an ice axe. Three months after the *Polar Star* left Copenhagen she was nipped by the ice and abandoned. Officers and crew made themselves as comfortable as possible in huts erected on the ice to serve as bases for expeditions. The narrative is tempting for quotation. But quotations are long and *Mr. Punch's* "Booking-Office" is short. The thing to do is to get the book, read it and treasure it for delight in days to come. Not the least interesting feature are the illustrations taken by photograph on the spot,

beautifully reproduced. There are over two hundred, not to speak of five maps. The book is simultaneously published in Italy, France, Germany, and America. It would be impossible to exceed the style and workmanship of the English edition, the translation for which has been done by Mr. LE QUEUX.

The Adventures of Harry Revel (CASSELL & Co., Ltd.), by A. T. QUILLER-COUCH, is a decidedly interesting story, yet somewhat puzzling. The early years of *Harry Revel* recall, in a way, those of *Oliver Twist*, flavoured with a little *Paul Dombey*. *Oliver* was, as may be remembered, to have been apprenticed to a murderous-looking sweep, one Mr. Gamfield, and *Harry Revel* actually is apprenticed to a kindly master in that line, one Mr. Trapp. *Paul* is petted by a lady of a certain age, the severe Mrs. Pipchin, and *Harry* by an amiable elderly spinster, Miss Plinlimmon. *Harry*, quite a child in every way, but a sharply observant one, tumbling down a chimney, alights--flop--on the floor of a room where is lying prone the dead body of one Mr. Rodriguez, a Jewish slop-seller. Little *Harry* in sheer terror makes a bolt of it, and escapes from imaginary consequences on to the roof. This is the commencement of his exciting adventures while avoiding pursuit. But who would accuse a mere child of such a crime? Of course there has been theft as well. But the boy knew nothing of this. However, as the story is, so you must take it or leave it, and the Baron warrants you that, be you mystified ever so much, yet will you not put down the book until, in company with little Master *Revel*, you have assisted at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo. The battle-piece that forms the grand finale is far more grim than the same scene described in so dashing a style by CHARLES LEVER.

THE BARON DE B.-W.